



“WOT YER DONE WITH THE CAB, GUVNOR?”

THE EASTER TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

(Arranged for *Needy Pleasure-seekers by a Wealthy Pessimist.*)

Question. You have a short holiday and wish to spend it to the greatest possible advantage?

Answer. Certainly, that is my desire. I am tied to a desk all the year round some

fifty weeks out of the fifty-two, and consequently strive for perfect rest during my brief vacation.

Q. What steps do you take to secure this relaxation?

A. I make a collection of cheap trips and select the programme which promises me the maximum of movement at the minimum of cost.

Q. Having chosen your route, what is your next move?

A. To prepare an estimate which sacrifices all the small comforts of life to the exigencies of travelling expenses.

Q. What do you consider the small comforts of life?

A. Decent rooms and sufficient food.

Q. And why are you obliged to abandon these homely luxuries?

A. Because the money I am able to set aside for board and lodging is only sufficient to secure apartments in fifth-rate hotels with refreshments to match the locality.

Q. What are the travelling arrangements?

A. They belong to the third-class platform, which means night voyages and unearthly early arrivals.

Q. What is the special advantage of night travel?

A. Exemption from the charges of an hotel.

Q. And the drawbacks?

A. Loss of sleep, and consequently chronic inertia during the first part of my “holiday.”

Q. What privileges do you secure by a far-distant tour?

A. The right of spending the greater portion of my time *en route*, with an occasional pause for sight-seeing.

Q. Would you not obtain a better notion of what you visited with the assistance of a guide-book, in preference to a hasty personal inspection?

A. Probably; but then I secure the advantage of being able to say “I was there,” to persons less fortunate.

Q. And would not photographs of the places visited be more instructive to you than the hurried view obtained for you by your tourist ticket?

A. Undoubtedly; but then again the

A NEW DANGER.

[“Professor KÖRPE has cleared up the mystery of the ‘Poisoned Fountain’ at Wildbad-Gastein. He declares that the reason why a few sips at this spring will produce the most serious illnesses and all manner of complications is—its absolute purity!”—*The Globe.*]

WHEN I drank of any water where bacilli might be flourishing,
By way of a precaution, I invariably watched
They were treated well with whisky, for it made them no less
nourishing,
And certainly much safer. If not killed, the things were
Scotched.

But imagine my confusion now they say that perfect purity
No longer an immunity from danger guarantees,
While an absence of bacilli does not signify security,
But rather seems to indicate all manner of disease.

Here's a terrible dilemma! The Professor has no doubt of it
That water minus microbes as a poison seems to beat
Water plus a few bacilli; so there's only one way out of it—
Avoid it altogether, and just take your whisky neat.

A GOOD OMEN FOR THE FUTURE OF MUSIC IN LONDON.—“At the first meeting of the London Technical Education Board (which takes in hand singing, and notation, &c.), Mr. T. A. ORGAN was unanimously elected chairman for the ensuing year.” The Organ will keep the L. T. E. B. orchestra in harmony, and then they must vote unanimously for the endowment of music in London. May they get a site of land, “and,” adds *Mr. Punch*, “a sight of money to start with.”

compensating advantage to which I have referred would be lost to me.

Q. But are you not honestly glad when your holiday is over, and you are able to return to your desk once more?

A. Possibly; but then I can talk of the pleasure I have enjoyed during my absence from England.

Q. Of course—if you have the time?

A. Yes, certainly—if I have the time.



“TO BE OR NOT TO BE.”

“Ah, my Fatherland, *this* is not the least of the sacrifices that I have made for you!”

[The KAISER, who is the Lord High Admiral of the German Navy, has issued an edict forbidding Naval officers to wear moustaches.]



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—NO. XI.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLOSSAL CHAIR.

A large, very strong modern chair, old English pattern, carved out of stout British oak, and clamped with iron; was seriously damaged in 1896, but has been repaired by an ingenious arrangement of telegraph poles and iron rails. Very hard to sit upon. Of a pattern disliked at Pretoria, but greatly in favour with arm-chair politicians and stay-at-home expansionists.



"LEND ME YOUR AID!"

SCENE—The "Spring Gardens" of the L. C. C. Palace.

Music (the "Heavenly Maid," presenting her petition to London County Council). "MADAM, GRANT ME A SITE FOR NATIONAL OPERA, AND I WILL FIND THE NOTES—I MEAN THE MONEY."



'ARRY ON 'ACKNEYS AT HISLINGTON.

"HACTION! GOES LIKE A BLOOMIN' POLICEMAN—TAKES ALL THE ROAD TO 'ISSELF, AND DON'T GET NO FORRADER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Betty Musgrave* (METHUEN), the authoress of her being, MARY FINDLATER, gives us the story of a brave girl endowed with considerable personal charms, whose strong sense of duty keeps her tied and bound to her wretched mother, an incurable inebriate, by whom she is dragged down into the gutter, or unpleasantly close to it, and forced to live in the very queerest "lower-middle class" society, of which some representative specimens are gathered together in a dingy suburban boarding-house kept by a sharp, keen-eyed, but kind-hearted matron, compared with whom and with whose establishment, *Mrs. Todgers* was socially a superior person and her house almost aristocratic. The characters of the boarders are cleverly sketched; and particularly life-like is that of the brusque but kindly lady-artist, sculptor, and painter, a woman "with a past" but with an improving present, and the prospect of a better future, who gives the heroine temporary assistance. The only mistake in the book is the incidental villain, of the "genteelest" of exteriors, as if he had stepped into the novel out of quite modern *Adelephi* melodrama. Of course he is invariably "foiled," and severely thrashed, as such villains always should be in real life, and always are in drama, unless their punishment is placed in the hands of the police. As for the hero, he is a poor "pitiful sort of cuss," as not a few heroes possibly may be when one gets on intimate terms with them, and when we come to "know them at home," as is easily done in a novel. However, the virtuous heroine ultimately bestows on him her hand, much to the Baron's regret. May she be happy!

A Duet with an occasional Chorus (GRANT RICHARDS), by A. CONAN DOYLE, is a most delightful book, beginning with a courtship, and ending, at the expiration of the first year of the very happy couple's married life, with the advent of a most heartily welcome little stranger. It is perfect comedy, with just, as it were, a growl of distant thunder preasing a storm that darkens the sky for a while, passes away, and then the sun shines on them more brightly than ever. The somewhat slangy, go-as-you-please, good-natured, manly brother, is a capital bit of character. The description of the Ladies' Browning Society, how they met and what they did, is genuinely humorous, good-naturedly satirical,

and quietly amusing. The easy, fascinating style in which it is written is, to the Baron's thinking, the very perfection of literary art. "It is real life and true pathos without exaggeration," quoth the sympathetic Baron de B.-W., leaning on his elbow and wiping away a tear. Mr. CONAN DOYLE, your very good health! You are the only man who, all alone, can give us "a Duet," and (what Mr. Box vainly demanded of Mr. Cox) "a chorus."

Mr. ARROWSMITH, of Bristol, has a keen eye for new young men, and has found one in the author of *An Opera and Lady Grasmere*. Mr. ALBERT KIRKROSS is perhaps new only to my Baronite, for he has to his name other stories with unfamiliar titles. However that be, in this little volume, that may be read right through in a hundred miles railway journey (especially on some lines), he tells a pretty story in liveliest fashion. The principal incident in the plot, conventional and in its unravelling obvious, is the worst thing in the book. The best, happily the best predominates, are the sketches of men and women we meet every day in London life, and the swift, brilliant painting-in of the scenes wherein they move.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AT THE GLOBE.—The revival of Robertsonian plays is fast coming to an end, and then they will be heard no more. Out! Out! brief candle of light domestic comedy, you've had your day, and nights too, and now you have gutter'd away and will run no more. Even that most artistic "Hare-restorer" can do nothing more for you after this final effort.

At the Board School.

Inspector. Now, can any of you children state what is likely to be the future of China?

One Maiden (after a pause). Please, Sir, father says that China's like him.

Inspector. Like him! What do you mean?

The Maiden. Sure to be broken by the force of circumstances.

[Class dismissed immediately.]

THE TSAR'S TIP FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—General Peace—and it came off.



THE GRUB AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'LL JUST WASH 'ER FACE, SIR, AND THEN SHE SHALL COME ROUND TO YOUR STOOUDIO, SIR."



"HERE'S A LITTLE GIRL COME FOR YOU, SIR!"

INFANT ASPIRATIONS.

Mr. Punch is indebted to the Editor of Messrs. NEWNES' latest magazine, *The Captain* (which he congratulates upon an excellent first appearance) for the idea of collecting "the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood."

BORN at Brooklyn, U.S.A., and cut out, by family tradition, for the Dissenting Ministry, it was my earliest ambition to be a Man of Blood. I longed to take the field on behalf of England, or Turkey, or some other distressed nationality, not my own. Experience has since taught me (and some of my own party) that the tongue may be a sharper weapon than the sword. Still, to have occupied no deadlier post of danger than that of Civil Lord of the Admiralty—how cruel a contrast to my youthful yearning for gore. Stay! I forgot the "Battlefields of Thessaly." Surely there, but for a stupid capture, I came near to my baptism of fire. And, indeed, to this day I keep my early instinct for the letting out of blood. I "come," just at present, "from Sheffield," and have been called a blade. I hope that I may, in an anæmic age of anti-vaccinators deserve the title. Yours, to the death, E. ASHM-D B.

"Male child, Balliol!" said my parents at my birth; and I was forthwith entered at that superior academical institution whose gifted *alumni* at once furnish the Governing Power of India, and practically compose the Oxford Eight. Invited, as a yearling, to name my profession, "I have arranged," I said, "to be Prime Minister." There were not wanting admirers who reminded me that the post in question was at the moment occupied, and not likely, for some time, to be at my disposal. "No matter," I replied, "I will spend the interim in completing my culture at Eton, Oxford, and the Pamirs. For form's sake, I will enter the House, and keep my hand in by filling a few of the junior Offices of State. If the hour is still not ripe, I may kill time by being a Viceroy or something of that kind." I ought to say that, at this juncture, I had not yet made the acquaintance of the present member for Cardiff, who would, I feel sure (see interview in *Chronicle*), have lent me the restraining influence of his unsolicited counsel. In his regrettable absence I followed my own notions of the right employment of leisure prior to the attainment of

my ambition; if such it may be called, rather than a natural choice.
Yours obediently,
C. of K.

Original aspiration was to be a Missionary. Somehow drifted into Navy and got to be a Rear-Admiral. But only the other day boyish passion reasserted itself and I went out to China, where the heathen come from. Got rather jammed in a thing they call the Open Door, but am back again, feeling fit as ever. Friends tell me I have not done anybody much harm. So that's all right!

Yours cheerily,
CHARLIE B.

My name is HENRY; on the Grampian Hills (Forfarshire end) I gamboll'd as a boy, attired sparingly in the ancestral sporran. Even at that early period my inclination turned in the direction of a "quaint and pleasing humour." This was remarked by the local gillies. "Yon bairn has a maist awfu' geef o' pleasantry," they would say. As yet without other ambition than to tickle these simple minds that "joke wi' deeficulty," I had not then foreseen that this very gift would eventually raise me to the head of a great and solemn National Party. Yet only last Wednesday I was the guest of their unique Club, almost the highest honour attainable in this Vale of Tears. Either I spoke very well, or else we had dined exceptionally, for I see in a Radical paper that "laughter" occurred no fewer than four-and-twenty times during my speech. And this, too, exclusive of the facetiae that were not seen till the next day. Yours humorously,
H. CAMPBELL-B.

As a small Crown Prince We resembled common little boys in one particular—the craving for a large military moustache. The exigencies of birth developed Us into a War-Lord. Lately We have become another War-Lord, making two altogether; one for the Army and one for the Navy. Also We have issued a rescript doing away with nautical moustache unless accompanied by beard. This creates an uncomfortable dilemma for Ourselves. As regards facial hair, which of the War-Lords are We to obey? We have made a riddle about it, as follows: Why is Our moustache like a dilemma? Will wire the answer next week. WILLIAM K.

Ever since my first circus at Auld Reekie I determined to win the Derby, either with *Ladas* or something else. It took me years to do it; and meanwhile, I had secured The Durdans and become the prey of a not less laudable ambition. The temporary

distractions of high political office never altogether drew my heart away from a purpose so sympathetic to my sense of the whole duty of manhood that I have even felt the claims of Imperial Policy pale before its conquering appeal. I hardly like to mention it lest the obvious warmth of my desire for its attainment should imperil my chances. But the following letter, written by me the other day from Messina, may serve to throw a sidelight upon the object of my giddy hopes. It is addressed to the electors of the Epsom Urban District Council, and runs as follows: "I can only say that, if you see fit to do me the honour of electing me, I will serve you to the best of my ability." I do hope I may prove worthy of their trust. Yours deprecatingly, R.S.B.R.Y.

While still in long clothes, I had a passionate desire to be a school-usher, and put people right. Even in the nursery I was known as Cato the Younger. I am, of course, older now, but still handy with the rod. Leaders of large majorities have winc'd before me. Yours incorruptibly, L.N.R.D.C.RTN.Y.

It was an infant ambition with me to make a pun. Mature years, and a chequered experience on the Turf, never shook me from my first resolve. On Thursday last, before an appreciative House, I achieved! "Mares are ladies," I said; "why not have ladies as Mayors?" You take me? Good. Yours gratuitously, J.BLND.LL.MPLE.

My recollections of the first promptings of ambition go back to the date of my christening. "His name is ALFRED," said my nominator. "After England's Darling, you know," I burbled, but not distinctly enough to secure recognition. Thus early did I prognosticate my ultimate greatness; though I had not yet decided what form it should take. I was not long left in doubt. A fortuitous rhyme, emitted in the course of teething, showed me in what line the bent of my genius lay. In vain they devoted me to the Law. The Child, notwithstanding this *mésalliance* with the Bar, proved to be the father of the Man. Born, so to speak, with a laurel-twig in my mouth, "I do but sing," like the tom-tit, "because I must." There are two meanings to this. Mine is the right one. Make what use you like of this communication. A.A.

From the day when I was old enough to walk on without my nurse's support, I said I would be a great actor and interpret grand passion. As the irony of fate would have it, I am just a successful Performer-Manager.

[The above letter bears the postmark of the Pall Mall District, but is unsigned.]

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(A Page of Future History.)

MANY years ago a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of March 15, 1899, proposed an infallible scheme for the invasion of England. 1,500 boats, like river barges, driven by steam, could quickly cross the channel, and, being run ashore high and dry, could land in a few minutes an army of 170,000 men on the defenceless southern coast. The writer suggested that the landing should take place at an unexpected point, but he partly revealed this destination by saying, in reference to the sea-passage, "*en admettant qu'on choisisse Brighton, sept heures suffiraient largement.*" Of course the 170,000 warriors, after seven hours on the sea, would be glad to arrive at a large town, destitute of *cafés* no doubt, but consisting almost entirely of hotels and lodging-houses, where rest and recovery would be possible. The following account of the invasion is translated from the narrative of a French officer.

When war broke out, the 1,500 boats were assembled at Calais and Boulogne. After various delays every preparation was completed on a certain Sunday—it was Whit Sunday—and at midnight our flotilla started. It was the Invincible Armada of the twentieth century. At the moment of departure its destination was announced, and from 170,000 valiant Frenchmen there rose a mighty shout, "*à la Briquetonne!*"

Although adverse winds and a rough sea delayed our progress, the flotilla passed Newhaven at half-past ten on Monday morning. We had seen nothing of the English fleet. The profound secrecy of our preparations had deceived the enemy. It was evident that we should land without difficulty.

As we approached Brighton all our telescopes were directed towards the shore, and a universal cry of surprise rose from those of our soldiers who were not entirely prostrated by sea-sickness. Those who were could only murmur feebly, "*Nous arrivons! Mon Dieu, quel voyage! Ca va finir bientôt?*" The others, they were but few, beheld the English shore black with troops. Treachery, ever with us, and tempted by the gold of despotic England, had revealed to our eternal enemy the secret of our attack. Her army was small and contemptible, merely some 50,000 men, but it was there, on the shore of Brighton, ready to receive us.

And we? Of that brilliant host of valiant warriors which



AN OPPORTUNITY.

She (coquettishly). "I READ THE OTHER DAY, COUSIN CHARLIE, THAT MARRIAGE IS DECLINING."

He (inspired). "OH, THAT'S QUITE WRONG. MARRIAGE IS — [Seizes the opportunity and proposes.]

started at midnight on a glorious enterprise of irresistible conquest only about 250 were able to stand. The others, noble and valiant, as are all Frenchmen, were for the time incapable of anything. French army has always conquered; English army has always been defeated. But would it be possible even for 250 Frenchmen to carry ashore 169,750 suffering compatriots, and at the same time to disperse 50,000 English? No, a thousand times, no!

We stop. The officers in command resolve to retire. From 169,750 valiant, but feeble Frenchmen, there comes a cry of anguish and horror, "*Encore dix heures en mer! Jamais! Plutôt la mort! À la Briquetonne!*" What is to be done? Behind us is the rage and indignation of a disappointed country, around us are our compatriots, prepared to die, prepared almost to mutiny if they had the strength, but not prepared to suffer yet another ten hours on the sea! Before us is the English army, contemptible yet numerous. Even bravest of soldiers cannot achieve the impossible. The invincible flotilla stops, turns, and slowly retires.

One submarine boat alone continues its onward course. Not mutiny, not disobedience causes this, but some defect in the steering apparatus, which has become immovable. Onwards to certain death rush our brave compatriots in the doomed vessel. Opposite the centre of Brighton she strikes the shore. In the presence of the English army, 50,000 strong, even ten valiant Frenchmen must surrender. Waving a white flag, they emerge from the interior. What do they see? Not the English army, but a vast array of English citizens hastily retreating, and, at the edge of the water, six stout English policemen, who arrest our brave compatriots as they land.

Too late the horrible error was explained. It was an English holiday, and all the travellers of the excursion trains were amusing themselves upon the beach. 170,000 Frenchmen, after that terrible voyage, had fled before a crowd of unarmed civilians and six policemen. Since then the invasion of England has never been attempted.



THE VERY LATEST DISCOVERY.

Amateur Astronomical Student (returning home, after attending scientific Bachelor Dinner, where "the reported discovery of a new Satellite of Saturn" has been warmly discussed). "WHERE AM I? LETH SHEE—(considering)—EARTH'S GOT ONE MOON. MARS'S GOT FIVE MOONS JUP'TUSH NINE—I SHEE TWO MOONS. THEN—WHERE AM I?"

LONDON LAWS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is with infinite pleasure that I draw your attention to the fact that in the London Government Bill no clauses deal with such matters of vital importance to law-abiding citizens as:—

- (1) The abolition of crossing-sweepers and howling newspaper boys.
- (2) The ditto of blind men with thick sticks and flower girls with button-holes.
- (3) The restriction of crawling cabs and the racing of rival omnibuses.
- (4) The casting of orange-peel and banana-skins on the pavements.

(5) The ditto of handbills into every available area and doorway.

(6) The carrying of ladders and long planks at the busiest time of the day.

(7) The ditto of coals at unseemly times.

(8) The posting of bills with the splashing of paste roundabout the hoardings.

(9) The ditto of letters and circulars in the letter-boxes of harmless citizens.

(10) The relaying of high-smelling asphalt in the day-time when it is possible to sniff.

(11) The ditto of wood pavement at night when it is impossible to see.

I am glad that none of these have been dealt with—only mayors. ASMODEUS STYX.

THE APOLOGIA OF A NEUROPATH.

[“Insomnia has become a poetic commonplace in our modern age of nerves.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I CHAUNT no praise to tedious Spring,
In whose delights the vulgar glory ;
No patriot ravings do I sing,
Or Jingo-brags of England's story ;
To Nature's beauties I am blind,
I need no outer charms to fire me,
Because within myself I find
Matter sufficient to inspire me.

I run the gamut of my nerves,
Such honey from my introspections ;
Each mood I note, each passion serves
To give my lyrics new directions ;
Till dread Insomnia, that still
Mandrake withstands and poppy,
If treated with sufficient skill,
Affords material for “copy.”

What then though with my own conceits
The public ear I still am boring ;
Though of myself my art still treats
In lays that set Philistines snoring ;
For though my best achievement tires
That does but vindicate its uses—
When verse that sleeplessness inspires
Upon its readers sleep induces.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

A Dramatic Contrast in Three Parts.

Past. Time—The Early Seventies. An Audience assembled during a Robertsonian Performance.

First Spectator. How delightful after the stilted heroics of SHERIDAN KNOWLES and FITZ-BALI.

Second Spec. Yes; and see, they are drinking real tea out of a genuine cup and saucer.

First Spec. And so natural to flirt over the shadow of a milk jug.

Second Spec. Yes. And how right of a man to run the risk of a divorce, rather than betray the shortcomings of his wife's brother.

Both. How good. And twenty years ago—how stupid!

Present. The Late Nineties. An audience assembled during a Ponero Performance.

First Spectator. Delightful to find that what shocked our grandmothers suits our daughters.

Second Spec. Yes; and scenery real painting and not upholstery.

First Spec. Quite so. And one likes an epigram after the milk-and-water realism of ROBERTSON.

Second Spec. And as everybody's bad, more or less, why not show society at its worst?

Both. How good! And twenty years ago—bosh!

The Future. Time—The First Decade in the Twentieth Century. An Audience assembled during a Smithian Performance.

First Spectator. Much wiser to have deeds rather than words.

Second Spec. A pantomime is the thing. So much better to make people think, and let an audience find out what they are imagining.

First Spec. And fancy our ancestors tolerating problem plays and pieces of the penny plain and twopence coloured order of architecture!

Second Spec. This sort of thing is perfect.

Both. How good! And twenty years ago—what rot!



AFRICAN POOL.

MARKER. "STROKE AND DIVISION, GENTLEMEN!"
LORD S-L-SB-EY o M. DELCASSÉ. "VERY WELL—WE'LL DIVIDE!"





Extract from Diary of Minor Poet.—April 1. "No! WOMEN ARE NOT WORTH OUR SONGS OR OUR SIGHS. HOW SUBTLY RESPONSIVE SHE SEEMED. AS I MURMURED SOME LINES OF MY OWN, HER EYES WORE THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK, A TENDER SMILE PLAYED ROUND HER LIPS. LITTLE DID I GUESS THAT HULKING LONG-LEGGED BUTCHER FROM THE SOUDAN, CAPTAIN BAYARD, WAS OGLING HER IN THE MIRROR! UGH!"

CUCKOO NOTES IN THE AVENUE.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, as *Hugh Farrant* in *The Cuckoo*, has added another character-portrait to his gallery of amusing liars. His quiet manner, with very occasional and only momentary outbursts of spasmodic love-making, is simply perfect. His chuckling enjoyment of his own utter absence of moral principle is intensely amusing. Whatever he has done, even the sternest jurymen in the audience finds him "not guilty," adding pleasantly, "and mind you don't do it again," yet earnestly hoping that as soon as possible the said strict moralist may be a delighted witness of CHARLES HAWTREY'S most ingenious method of getting into, and out of, decidedly tight corners. He belongs to the stage of the time of the second CHARLES, when the actors were looked upon not as those who had a moral to inculcate dramatically, but simply as irresponsible puppets, placed by the author of their being in possible, and not absolutely improbable, predicaments. They adorned dramatic tales, and pointed no moral: except in a negative sort of way.

Mr. BROOKFIELD (author and character actor) has made not only a very amusing adaptation of MEILHAC'S indecorous and ingenious *Décore*, but has had the somewhat rare good fortune of having his "comedy-farce" most efficiently "cast."

It might be wished that sprightly Miss FANNIE WARD (is this young lady *Américaine*?), as *Mrs. Penfold*, were a trifle more distinct in her rapid utterance, and also that she would emphasise the lights and shades of the character with an occasional exhibition of dignified repose; as it is, she is all flutter, like a pretty pet bird in a cage, suddenly startled.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is delightful as the commonplace corn-broker and confiding husband, just "letting himself go" for once

and away, on whose conceit the *demi-mondaine*, *Lady Alexandra Park* (played with a delicious sense of humour and without any exaggeration whatever by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER), draws to the extent of two hundred pounds, which is the sum the amorous corn-broker has to pay for his moral lesson.

A philosophic treatise might be written on the place in creation of *Colefax*, the utterly absurd and thoroughly scoundrelly waiter; but to imagine that he, with such a hold on the reputation of a lady and a gentleman as he possesses, could be bought off for five pounds, is just the one and only mistake in what has been, up to this point, in the third act, a most carefully and ingeniously constructed plot.

A good word for the black king *Kamswaga* (Mr. CORYTON), but especially for his interpreter, convincingly played by Mr. H. STEPHENSON, whose make up is as admirable as is his patronising manner.

MR. FRED VOLPÉ represents that highly respectable *bourgeois*, the Mayor of Maidensbourne, apparently some relation to Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. JUSTIN MC CARTHY, to both of whom he bears a striking, yet puzzling, resemblance.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY seems to have got a success that ought, if there's any "luck about the house," to run right away through the season.

CAMBRIDGE WINS!

A BUMPER to Cambridge! Great Zeus, how it stirs us
To see the light blue floating first o'er the line!
Fate smiles once again and no longer defers us;
One year makes amends for the losses of nine.

Week followed on week, and in all kinds of weather
They laboured undaunted, not daring to boast,
Till at last in a flash they all got it together,
And swinging and smiting sped home to the post.

We saw them take ship, and we saw them with glee row,
We saw how they spurted again and again:
So Cambridge, kind mother of sage and of hero,
Be proud of eight sons who have proved themselves men.

There was GIBRON at stroke, who, forgetting his namesake,
When they pressed him declined not, nor dreamt of a fall,
And enjoying the game for the glorious game's sake
Shot his hands off his chest like a ball from a wall.

At seven sat WARD. Did he think of his lordship,
The grand sire who all his young fancies had nursed?
And what thoughts had Lord ESHER of old days aboard ship,
When Oxford were beaten and Cambridge were first?

There was SANDERSON six, very long he in truth is;
At five was our ETHEL, whose surname is SMITH;
Though his nickname a girl's is, the rest of the youth is
All manhood and muscle and courage and pith.

At four we had PAYNE, to behold him was pleasure;
He was stalwart and sturdy and steady and strong;
And behind him swung GOLDIE, a treat and a treasure,
A chip of the old block who kept the stroke long.

At two was young CALVERT, the Antipodean;
From bow little CHAPMAN the prospect enjoyed:
And, since Eights must be steered, just to wind up my paean,
I may add that their coxswain, a riper, was LLOYD.

So a bumper to them! Give them triumph and glory!
Lo, their names and the fame of their prowess abide.
Since, whate'er be their lot, they shall live on in story,
The 'Ninety-nine Eight who at last turned the tide.

SEQUITUR ET NON SEQUITUR.—*As a Woman Stitches* should be a companion story to *As a Man Sows*; and *The First Bunker* should have come out before *The Last Link*. Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS, and Messrs. BLACK, may take the hint.

"GOING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS."—The GERMAN EMPEROR is to hold a "Great Spring" Review. His Imperial Highness should be known as "Wiry WILLIAM." Who said "Bounder"? Oh dear, no.

"A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME."—Only give Music a "Local Habitation" in London, and she will soon make for herself a name."

NOT A DESIRABLE ASSOCIATE AT POOL.—A cat with nine lives.



"SO YOU SEE, THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU, AND I'M SURE YOU WOULD ENJOY YOURSELF VERY MUCH. NOW, CAN'T I PERSUADE YOU TO COME TO OUR NEXT MOTHERS' MEETING?"

"WELL, YER LEDDYSHIP, YU'RE VERY KIND; BUT I NEVER WAS A SOCIETY WOMAN!"

UP-TO-DATE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer will put an additional threepence on the Income Tax.

The Secretary of State for War will double the present clerical staff at Pall Mall.

The Marquis of SALISBURY will retire from the Foreign Office in favour of Lord ROSEBERRY.

Sir WILLIAM HARROD, at the request of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, will resume the leadership of the Radical Party.

The London County Council will promote a bill for its own dissolution.

The City of London will cease to exist in compliance with a wish of the Livery Companies.

The Members of the Bar will seek amalgamation with the Junior branch of the profession.

The Cabmen will accept with enthusiasm the scheme for recording distances traversed, by automatic machinery.

The chief supporters of Charitable Institutions will insist upon their donations appearing anonymously.

And last of all, the above events will bear date and be recorded—on the First of April!

THE dear old lady says she went to a conversation at a Literary Society's, the other evening, when they performed a scene from *The School for Scandal* and danced the mignonette.

ORL WE 'VE GOT TO DO.

[*"Influenza grows increasingly prevalent among the very poor. To escape it, says a West-End physician, all people have got to do is to live well, dress warmly, avoid depressing influences, and adopt a philosophic calmness and cheerfulness."* — *Daily Paper.*]

*BUCK up! Don't look so blue, old gal,
Becos we've got the flu;
'Ere's orl we've got to do, old gal,
'Ere's orl we've got to do.*

*Live well! Jest order in a spread—
It's better for the brat
Than everlastin' mouldy bread,
An' not too much o' that.
Yus, say a pair o' soles—the best—
A nice young loin o' lamb,
An' p'raps the doctor would suggest
A glass or two o' cham.*

*Dress warmly." Once I 'ad a shirt,
But that were long ago;
An' these old breeks, they wouldn't 'urt
To be less draughty. So
A fur-lined coat on our dear kind friend
'E might prescribe, an' you,
Old gal, e'd doubtless recommend
A boar an' sables too.*

*Adopt a philosophic calm"—
So easy! Don't you find
Yer 'unger workin' like a balm
Upon yer troubled mind?
Be cheerful"—wait until the brats
Be'old the broker's men
A-turnin' out the attic— Rats!
Won't we be cheerful then!*

*BUCK up! Don't look so blue, old gal,
Becos we've got the flu;
'Ere's orl we've got to do, old gal,
'Ere's orl we've got to do.*

Should Women Smoke?

THE girl who smokes
No aid invokes
'Gainst those who would attack her,
She needs no swain,
Since it is plain,
She has one friend—to back her.



Queen Bess. "Gramercy! How is the poor creature to walk!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—
DON JOSÉ is beginning to submit to conclusion that he must give up OOM PAUL.

their country to discomfiture of outsiders. Only thing to be done is to make friendly suggestions. Not much to be expected from them. Course been adopted before, and what had come of it? In a famous despatch, DON JOSÉ made the kindly enquiry, "How

of "Mr. GLADSTONE." When the proper time comes the SPEAKER, turning towards the Front Opposition Bench, calls aloud the name that for more than sixty years filled the House of Commons with marvel, not to speak of apprehension. There steps forward in response, not the venerable, still alert, figure the House knew this time five years ago. It is son HERBERT, broad-shouldered, ruddy, the very picture of manly health.

Earlier years of Parliamentary life of member for Leeds were hopelessly overshadowed by magnitude of the paternal mountain. It does not necessarily follow that a youth finding himself returned to House of Commons in company with his father is overwhelmed by the contiguity. The member for Sark remembers, some twenty years ago, how father and son respectively represented Banbury and Frome. BANBURY was venerable in years, and of old Parliamentary standing, having sat in the same Parliament with PALMERSTON in his prime. FROME entered the House nine years later than his respected parent. But after he took his seat the parent was nowhere. FROME took the floor. BANBURY stood timidly listening at the Bar, and after a while his white head meekly disappeared from the Parliamentary arena.

HERBERT GLADSTONE, whilst his father lived, was genuinely impressed with the incongruity of finding himself an "Hon. Member" technically on an equal footing with his illustrious Sire. He studiously avoided taking part in debate, and was quite abashed when he was made a Junior Lord of the Treasury in his father's Ministry. When the sun went down, and the stars might shine, Lord ROSEBERY, with rare discrimination, gave HERBERT his chance by making him First Commissioner of Works. By his initiation of the improvements in Parliament Street he will through all time leave his mark on London. To-night, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, following up ROSEBERY's graceful policy, puts HERBERT forward to move rejection of principal Government measure of the Session.

Confidence justified by the speech. Its perfect success marred by undue length, ensuing on conscientious, fatal attempt to



OOM YOSEF AND THE RIGHT HON. PAUL KRUGERLAIN, M.P.

"If the personalities were reversed the drift of the game would appear more natural." (*See Essence.*)

Since he went to Colonial Office the irrepressible old gentleman has had peculiar fascination for him. What OOM PAUL thinks of DON JOSÉ is kept for the edification of the domestic circle Mrs. KRÜGER adorns. Hitherto DON JOSÉ has, in public, been comparatively reticent in the matter of foreknowledge of the old gentleman's hereafter. To-night he frankly descended on the situation.

At the time of the Raid OOM PAUL, seriously alarmed, made a series of promises. Up to this day not one has been kept; whilst the grievances complained of have been rather aggravated than alleviated. This very morning there are reports from Johannesburg of renewed promises of reform. "These are," said DON JOSÉ, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, "entirely illusory." What is to be done? We can't go to war with the Transvaal because the Boers insist upon keeping a firm grip on

is Mrs. KRÜGER?" OOM PAUL promptly replied by presenting a prodigious bill for damages arising out of the Jameson Raid.

As SARK observes, the situation is subtly aggravated by the contrast between the two eminent statesmen. One alert, aggressive, inspired and supported by the latest resources of civilisation; the other, loose-jointed, ill-dressed, lethargic, sucking at his pipe, meditating amid cloud of smoke on the lavish expenditure in money and time incurred by people who use nail-brushes. If the personalities were reversed—if DON JOSÉ were OOM PAUL and OOM PAUL were DON JOSÉ—the drift of the game would appear more natural. As it is, it is not only strange, but really annoying.

Business done.—Driving the Estimates through.

Tuesday.—Strange, at first sight startling, turning over the Orders of the Day, to come upon amendment standing in name



The er-er—Membah for er-er—Dulwich,
Sir Bl-nd-lle M-ple.

leave nothing unsaid. But, more especially when the swimmer threw away the bladder of his compendious notes and struck out for himself, he did admirably. Not AMURATH an AMURATH succeeds. There can be only one "Mr. GLADSTONE" in the world's history. House of Commons, always generously inclined, gave gracious warm welcome to the son, standing at the brass-bound box at which his father, from time to time, had thumped away strong Ministries.

Business done.—Second reading of London Government Bill moved.

Thursday.—"A Blondel! A Blondel!" The battle cry first heard on the Plains of Palestine rang through the startled House to-night. Stout SALADIN, who often heard it in crusading days, has left on record the confession that it was "the only thing of the kind that really made his flesh creep." The spell has not lapsed in the slow movement of centuries. To-night, when Sir MAPLE BLONDEL-BLONDEL of Blondel (in the county of Middlesex) takes down the banner that for a thousand years has floated over the battlements of Tottenham Grange, and waves it, so to speak, in the teeth of the Treasury Bench, PRINCE ARTHUR, albeit buttressed on either side by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, visibly pales.

It is the old story, older than the Crusades. *Cherchez la femme.* Sir BLONDEL cherche, but cannot find her in the folds of the London Government Bill.

"What about the ladies?" he asks. "Can they be aldermen? Can they be mayors?" Here Sir BLONDEL condescended to introduce a joke that has been in the family for three centuries. "Women," he said, "are, I know, sometimes spoken of as Mares. As CHAUCER hath it 'the grey mare is the better horse.' But what I am enquiring about is M-A-Y-O-R-S."

The Knights in the immediate neighbourhood of Sir BLONDEL laughed immoderately. (Always well promptly to see a joke when



The (Birmingham) Moltke of the British Army.



THE LAST FOX OF THE SEASON.

AND OLD TOM HUGS HIM AS IF HE LOVED HIM AND WERE LOATH TO PART WITH HIM.

the humourist is clad in chain armour and holds a drawn sword in his red right hand.) The dames in the iron-girt gallery at the end of the hall simpered. Suddenly changing his bantering tone and shaking a mailed fist at the Treasury Bench, Sir BLONDEL insisted on speedy answer to his challenge.

This PRINCE ARTHUR falteringly gave, and Sir Knight, graciously pleased to be gratified, sheathed his sword and strode forth to mount his palfrey, pawing the unresponsive paving-stones in Palace Yard.

Business done.—Further debate on London Government Bill.

Friday.—Still debating second reading of London Government Bill. The further we go into the matter, the more abundant the objections. PRINCE ARTHUR is becoming amazed at his own immoderation of error, alarmed at his illimitability of incapacity. Comforts himself with reflection that if, when the scheme for the creation of the world was introduced, Mr. LOUGH and Dr. CLARK had chanced to be about, they would have moved a series of amendments.

"Odd thing when you come to think of it," PRINCE ARTHUR muses, "significant, too, that the first person instrumental in carrying an adjournment on what he regarded as a matter of urgent public importance, was the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. Owing to his action our first parents irrevocably adjourned from its pleasing precincts."

Business done.—Government of London Bill read a second time.

NOTE BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST.—Monte Carlo and the New Forest are further apart than Monmouth and Macedon. Yet they have one point in common. "Painted Ladies" are to be found in both.

NOTE BY AN IMPECUNIOUS SCRIBBLER.—There is no cry more galling to the soul of genius than that of an omnibus conductor calling out "Bank! Bank!"



NOT SO MAD AS HE LOOKS.

March Hare (to himself). "Hooray! No more harrying me for another eight months!"